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Richard the Brazen

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BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY Author of "For the Freedom of the Sea," "The Southerners," etc. AND EDWARD PEPLE Author of "A Broken Heart," "The Prince Chap," etc.

struck it! And I don't mind telling you the real reason. It isn't the money. Hang the money! I'm doing this to get even with one man—one man who represents the Houston, Matagorda City and Gulf Railroad and Improvement company, just as I represent the Longmatt Development and Construction company. He isn't a friend of mine—at least no longer—and, by George, I've got him! And, what's more, I'm going to squeeze him till his body is as dry as the state of Texas! I think you told me that you knew his son. The old man's name is Bill Williams.

Richard's brain was in a whirl. The Houston, Matagorda City and Gulf Railroad and Improvement company was his father's pet, the darling of his heart. He had worked over it, slaved over it and owned the controlling interest, in which he had invested an enormous sum. If what Mr. Renwyck said was true the coming crash would overwhelm his father completely. Not only had that gentleman invested his own money in the company, but he had induced his friends to join with him, and well Richard knew that his father would feel responsible for their loss. Again, the young man was not the kind of man who could stand meekly by and see his dear old dad bested by an enemy. With a mental gasp he realized that he stood in possession of information by which he could turn the tables on Jacob Renwyck and watch Bill Williams do the squeezing. "Jerusalem, how dad will laugh!" he mused, then bit his tongue at a sudden thought which came to him. He could not tell his father!

To pose as an English nobleman for the sake of a joke or even to win a girl was one thing; to receive a man's confidence in that capacity and by means of it detach him from the major portion of his fortune was quite another. Richard's mind was made up instantly. A confession of his deceit would cause a scene beyond doubt, and, moreover, his hope of winning Miss Harriet would fade in the general wreck, but even with this depressing fact in view he could not for an instant bring himself to be branded as a swindler and a thief.

"Mr. Renwyck," he began, but the daring speculator once more checked the good intention. "Now, my dear Crolyland," he begged, "I don't want you to go into this thing prematurely. Sleep on it. Think it over tomorrow, and we'll talk about it again in the evening. I'm going to town in the morning to attend a quiet meeting of the new company's stockholders. I will then be in a position to show you even more clearly where we stand. Let's go to bed." He linked his arm through Richard's and started across the grass. "By the way, I have a new team of horses coming out tomorrow on trial. I should like to get your opinion of them before I buy."

The light of dawn found Richard still staring at the ceiling and wondering how he could get out of the tangle. No longer was he justified in concealing his identity on any pretext. He must confess to Mr. Renwyck. But how could he do that when everything was progressing so favorably, when he was making so good an impression both on Mr. Renwyck and, as he hoped, his daughter? How could he throw away his opportunity there? On the other hand, how could he see his dad walk blindly into the mouths of a set of New York sharks? Over and over he turned the questions till his brain grew addled and his head was aching viciously. One of two things he must do. But which? What good would a confession do anyway? To tell his father afterward would not make him less culpable. He turned and twisted in his bed, but found no solution of the problem. The questions hit each other like wild express trains on a single track, and the solitary engineer had no earthly chance to jump.

"Now, it's this way," he murmured to his ruffled pillow—"when an irresistible force meets an immovable body—heavens! I wish we'd given those blasted Englishmen a bigger licking than we did in '76!"

CHAPTER IX.

BREAKFAST the next morning did not pass pleasantly for Richard, who began to detest the role he was assuming with all his honest American heart—honest until this mad idea of substitution obsessed him, that is. First of all, he wanted to get away by himself and think the thing out undisturbed by troublesome surroundings. He determined to go for a long ride—alone, if possible—and with a good horse under him perhaps his brain would work and devise some loophole of escape. Fatuous dream! There was no loophole. He would palter with the truth no longer. No! He would speak at once and get the worst part of it over.

Then he would be free—free from his own conscience—and she would be hopelessly and forever lost to him. Well, he couldn't help it; his heart would break, but it had to be done, whatever the consequences to himself and the heart aforesaid. Fully determined—so he thought—on this desperate course, he volunteered to drive Mr. Renwyck to the station in

the trap. They would start early and drive slowly. There would be time. He would tell the old shark all and defy him to wreck Bill Williams with any underhand scheme. He would claim to have come to Irvington for the very purpose of unearthing the conspirators. He would join forces with his dad and fight Jacob Renwyck in the open, flinging aside discretion, love. It was hard to think all this, and it would be harder still to say it. As he considered it the pendulum of his thoughts swung to the other extreme. Could he lay low aside? How sweet she looked in her simple morning gown—over which some artist of dress creation had labored days to produce that effect of artless innocence had he but known it—as she smiled and passed him those delicious rolls, as if they were breakfast food he lacked. He wanted her more than anything else on earth. She was worth a thousand harbor companies. His dad would understand and forgive after seeing her. But would conscience understand and forgive?

I am afraid Lord Crolyland did not shine as a table companion that morning, and his muttered excuse about a headache seemed too feminine for credulity. When an irresistible force meets—

The drive to the station was rapid and brief. The undecided Richard did not speak after all. His host persisted in doing all the talking, which was mainly enlarging on that precious scheme of his. "An' revolt!" said Mr. Renwyck, stepping from the trap. "That's my train. Think over my proposition and let me know this evening. I'll send the veterinary out to look at Hawk today. Goodby, Crolyland."

Richard drove slowly back. None of the ladies was about when he arrived, so he wandered into the billiard room. He was knocking the balls around aimlessly when he was suddenly accosted by the one person in the world whose company he least desired. "Good morning, Lord Crolyland," called Mr. Michael Corrihan from the doorway. "I just came over to look you up."

Now, what did he want? Well, whatever it was, he would find the Texan was not to be bluffed. Richard's spirits actually rose. This was something tangible that threatened, and Richard loved to deal with the real. It was the abstract that involved him in difficulties that he hated. "That's very kind of you, indeed," drawled Richard, with a ring of challenge in his voice which the lawyer did not fail to note with concealed amusement. "Fond of billiards?"

"Oh, in a way, yes. I'm most too short and fat to play without the bridge, but I'll take a cue from you with pleasure if I may."

"Now, I wonder if he means anything by that remark," thought Richard as he handed him the stick. The game began briskly, but soon languished, as did the conversation, Richard making an occasional brilliant shot and missing the easy ones. Mr. Corrihan by steady, consistent play ran up a good score and between times watched his opponent out of the corners of his eyes.

"I shouldn't say you were up in your usual form, Lord Crolyland. Sleep well?"

"No," said Richard, eagerly seizing the opportunity to speak the whole truth and nothing but it, "I didn't."

Mr. Corrihan, said Richard, holding out his hand—he knew when he was beaten—while his features became radiant with smiles, "when you came through that door awhile ago I wished you safely in hades. Let's get out into the sunshine. I want to make a clean breast of it, for, to tell you the truth, I'm in the devil of a pickle."

Mr. Corrihan laughed again and led the way through the front hall. On the veranda they met Miss Harriet coming from the garden with her arms full of fresh cut roses. "Going for a walk?" she asked. "If you wait a moment I'd like to join you."

"Young person," said her uncle with mock severity, "there is hardly enough of Lord Crolyland to go around, it seems. I've got him for half an hour, and I'm going to keep him! Shoo!" He took Richard's arm and led him along the gravel path. "Is that the reason?" he whispered, slyly jerking his thumb in the direction of his niece. Richard blushed. "Oh, you young dog! Well, I can't blame you, Dick. Great girl, isn't she?"

They had now reached a shaded bench in a secluded part of the grounds, where they seated themselves and prepared for the confessional. "You see," began the fat little lawyer, who seemed to exude good humor from every pore, "at first I couldn't exactly make out what you were up to, you scamp, so I drew you out on our friend Napoleon. You are not well up on the history or the statistics of your beloved country, Dicky, boy. Brush up!"

Richard laughed and asked: "But you were on to me when I took that paddock fence, weren't you? It gave me the creeps when I heard your compliment."

"Of course I was," assented Mr. Corrihan, shaking with amusement. "You don't suppose I lived in Texas two years for nothing but my health! And on your own father's ranch too! I had been told that Benwyck had 'captured a real live nobleman.' I was just strolling over to have a peep at him, when, lo and behold, I find him tearing around a horse lot on one devil as if another were after him!" Mr. Corrihan paused to chuckle. "But, Dick," he said presently, "you made one grave mistake."

"What was that?"

"You should have worn a two foot sombrero, scooped up Harriet's handkerchief at a mad gallop, fired off a brace of guns and plugged holes in Renwyck's hat. Then they would have known you were an Englishman. Now, let's have your story."

Richard looked at him, divided between seriousness and amusement. "But how did you know that it was I?"

"Deduction," smiled the lawyer. "I don't understand."

"Come, Dick, I'll accept one of Lord Crolyland's excellent cigars as a retainer, and we'll get right down to business."



Richard brightened visibly. He handed a cigar, held a light and said: "It's the whipping the devil around the stump, I suppose, but I see no other way out of it. I'll tell you all about it on one condition."

The lawyer nodded, puffed at his cigar and gazed up into the thick leaved tree above his head, while Richard continued: "The condition is that what I am about to tell you must be kept an absolute secret, no matter what your judgment happens to be. Promise that and I'll talk; otherwise I'm a clam."

"Dick," said the old gentleman, "I have followed the legal profession for thirty-two years, and few of my clients have found cause to complain of my discretion. This is a first rate cigar, and I'm going to earn it. What is troubling you?"

The moment Mr. Corrihan understood the proposition which Mr. Renwyck had made to Richard on the previous evening he choked with laughter until his latest client was forced to thump him vigorously on the back, while the balance of the narrative was so punctuated with his chuckles and gasps that it was concluded with some difficulty.

Richard was handicapped in his full appreciation of the joke, which appeared to him to be a very serious matter indeed. When his story was finished he observed solemnly: "You see, Mr. Corrihan, it's this way. If I keep my mouth shut Mr. Renwyck will make it hot for dad. If I telegraph dad and give him the tip, why, just as sure as a gun, he'll turn around and wipe up the earth with Mr. Renwyck. I'm in a red-hot saddle, Mr. Corrihan, with my feet tied underneath. I've just got to sit and blister. I can't see dad done up, but I'd rather do that than play a low down trick on a man who trusts me. And in any event I stand to lose the young lady."

"In my place what would you do?"

"Do!" shouted the little man, while huge tears trickled down his face and filled the creases of his double chin. "Do! Why, I'd do Jacob Renwyck; that's what I'd do. Go for him, Dicky bird! All's fair in love and War street. He isn't a lamb, I tell you. He's a ram, and a butcher at that! Shear him, my boy, shear him to the skin!"

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Rev. J.A. Cranston on Sunday Observance

An Instructive Address on the Work of the Lord's Day Alliance

Those who were in attendance at the lecture on the 21st on the Lord's Day Alliance by Rev. J. A. Cranston of Collingwood, in the Cambridge-st. Methodist church, heard the subject discussed as it has seldom been discussed in this town before. The lecture was most interesting and instructive, and the audience very attentive.

Mr. Jas. Low was the chairman of the evening, he being president of the local branch of the Lord's Day Alliance. Mr. Low gave a brief outline as to the object of the meeting before introducing the speaker.

On rising to speak Mr. Cranston said it was a great pleasure for him to be in Lindsay and speak to so large an audience on this most important subject, namely, the Lord's Day. He said he was not here to instruct, but in the interests of the Lord's Day Alliance to give more enthusiasm. The Sabbath is of Divine origin. It is God's creation, not the creation of man. No nation can trifle with the Sabbath except to their own destruction. The Sabbath was made at the beginning of time. It is not only the seventh day, but it is the day that God has blessed and hallowed, and the one day in the seven that God's people still observe. The Sabbath day should mean more to the people of to-day than to the Jews because of our greater opportunities. There is a prophecy concerning the Lord's Day in the book of Ezekiel. The disciples always kept the first day of the week on which to rest and worship. If we are to learn how to observe the day we must follow the word of God.

There are plenty of people in our land to-day who have not the privilege of resting on the Sabbath day. It pays to rest one day in seven. It has been proven that machinery will run better and do better work if given a rest. It has also been proven that men and horses will do more work and do it better on account of the rest. No one has any right to deprive another of his rest. Man needs the rest to build up his character and soul. He ought to have the privilege of rest and it is the business of the Christian men and women to stand by men who have families to support, and see that their positions are not taken from them. Sunday observance is a national question of national interest. No one part of Canada can be injured except the whole country suffer. If we lose the Sabbath Day and lose the church, it is almost certain we will lose our day of rest and in a short time we shall lose our nationhood. The Sabbath should not only be kept as a day of rest, but as a day of worship. The only way to keep a day of rest is as a day of worship. Children learn by example more than by precept. It is a great inspiration to a minister to see parents with their children in church. Silver and gold are not everything in this

life; it is righteousness alone that exalteth a nation. There is a patriotic response upon the Christian people in this world to-day. Are we going to rise up and obey the command of our God or are we going to keep in the same old rut, with our Sundays molested by the burl of commerce and our day of rest mutilated by the noise of merriment. Let each one do his or her part to keep the Sabbath as a day of rest and of worship.

Prince Rupert Journalism

Mr. Fremont Crandall, who is now in that city, has favored the Post with a copy of the Prince Rupert Evening Bulletin, a bright little paper of the illiputian class. It is 12x8 inches in size, with two columns on each page, and the paper sells for ten cents a copy. Most of the matter is set in unusually large book type, but it is vigorous in tone and terse in expression. Among other remarks the Bulletin says: "A man who landed at Prince Rupert without a permit to live on the G. T. P. land is today the largest employer of labor in the town, barring railway and other contractors. His weekly payroll is larger than that of the Provincial government, the Dominion government, of any hotel, or of any mercantile establishment. He runs a printing office, pays \$30 a day for wages, and is damed with faint praise by government officials, railway contractors and nine-tenths of the business men in the town. He says his prayers regularly and does not frequent cider saloons or gambling joints."

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